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ON PATIENCE.

"Endure and conquer, live for better fate."

VIRGIL.

THE breast wounded by the arrows of adversity; and encompassed by the misfortunes, with which the thorny road of life is beset, finds in patience an infallible elixir for its most grievous afflictions.

The stubborn oak, although the pride of the forest, we frequently see torn in pieces by the same whirlwind which gently passes the pliant boughs of the willow. Patience is an attribute of the virtuous man, the power which teaches him to ride unruffled thro' the fiercest tempests of life, and in the midst of dangers, to bless the hand that dispenses them. It is an invulnerable armour which secures him from the most sanguine efforts of malice, it repels its shafts and obliges them to fall hurtless to the ground, while his patient spirit smiles at the feeble attempt, and blesses the power which teaches to requite his enemies by forbearance.

ALEXIS.

Oct. 23, 1795.

ON VIRTUE.

VIRTUE is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable: not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the divine mind; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth; not dependant on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient, and without which the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curses they become. The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our beings. Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be

proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity in every future state to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends—But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his Almighty Power in our defence. Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this. The further any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more is he under its influence. To say no more, 'tis the law of the whole universe; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its original is his nature; and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

Such is the importance of virtue.—Of what consequence, therefore, it is that we practise it!—There is no argument or motive which is at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world. If you are wise, then, study virtue, and condemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember, that this alone is honour, glory, wealth and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing; lose this, and all is lost.

M A X I M.

He that teaches us any thing which we knew not before, is undoubtedly to be revered as a master. He that conveys knowledge, by more pleasing ways, may very properly be loved as a benefactor; and he that supplies life with innocent amusement, will be certainly caressed as a pleasing companion.

HISTORY OF
DONNA ELVIRA DE ZUARES.

(Continued from page 131.)

IN the mean time, the unfortunate Elvira de Zuares being informed by Leonora of every thing that passed, was in a condition which it would be very difficult to describe; and when at last she received news that Sebastian was treated as an assassin and a ravisher, and that they talked of no less than cutting off his head, she had scarce any sense remaining, but that of her misfortune: however, endeavouring to recover herself as much as possible, from the lethargy of her grief, she began to reflect, that if she discovered her retreat, it would be the means of clearing his innocence. And, with this idea she wrote to the President of the Council: Don Pedro and her own friends were the last she acquainted with the secret; but when she did, and suffered them to see her, and had fully let them know the whole truth of her departure, she conjured them to employ all their cares to save Sebastian's life.

But the Council of Spain having been informed of the adventure according to the report of Lama only, sent orders to the President at Lisbon, to do immediate justice; but as he was also of his party, and the design of Suza's enemies being to take his life, if possible, by form of law, in spite of the witnesses of the combat between him and Balthazar, and the protestations of Elvira, that he was entirely ignorant of her flight, he was still proceeded against, on the indictments of rape and assassination: they had already interrogated Don Sebastian several times, but it was only a formality, and in some sort to gratify the solicitations of his family, his friends, and the tears of his mother, who was every day at the feet of the judges; but the conclusion being determined among themselves, they did not pretend to give these disconsolate persons any hope of acquitting him, and they were now expecting to hear the sentence of his death pronounced, when Donna Elvira seeing there was no way but one to preserve a life so dear to her, after having endured the most cruel combat between the passion she had for him, and the horror of his death, determined rather to sacrifice herself, than let him suffer. The time now pressed, the fatal moment was approaching; therefore, strengthening her resolution as his danger augmented, she sent to desire Don Balthazar would come to her. Leonora, who was informed of her design, and charged with this commission to him, perceiving he hesitated whether he should comply or not, told him positively, that the life of her mistress depended on his immediate answer; and that if he delayed obedience to this summons, he might, perhaps, never see her but in her tomb. On this, he was prevailed on to go, though with a coldness which almost distracted this faithful confidant.

He found the lovely Elvira in a situation, such as he could not hinder himself from being touched with; pale, languishing, abashed, her eyes drowned in tears, but still so beautiful with all this, that it was impossible to see her without loving her. "My Lord," said she, as soon as

she saw him enter, and forcing down the sighs which were ready to interrupt her speech. "It is no longer the inexorable, the fierce Elvira, the Elvira who had the boldness to constrain you not to love her, that now speaks to you—It is the submissive, the dying Elvira who entreates your pardon for an illustrious unfortunate, and who, to purchase his life, is ready to give you her heart and her faith—Yes, my lord," continued she, "save Don Sebastian, and I swear to be yours.—If it be true, that love has any part in the addresses you have made me, prove it to me by this action, which is just as well as generous.—I know you have the power, his judges are wholly influenced by you, and act only as you would have them.—Triumph then over your resentment, if you think it any happiness to triumph over my heart: what I now beg, may seem a proof of my tenderness for your rival, but it is also one of my esteem for you, since I am certain, you would hereafter condemn yourself for what you now so eagerly pursue.—This is the last testimony I shall ever give of my unhappy passion for him, and it is the first I ever exacted of yours. In fine, my Lord, can you pretend to love the unfortunate Elvira de Zuares, yet see her thus without compassion? Is there any need of seeing me in this posture, to grant what I implore?" With these words she threw herself at his feet, with her face all covered with tears.

"Ah! Madam," cried Don Balthazar, immediately raising her, "what a spectacle do you offer to the eyes of a man who adores you?—How glorious is the fate of Suza, and how deplorable is mine, who cannot obtain your hand, but by my endeavours to save a life which perhaps may make mine for ever miserable—But," continued he, "you are not to be resisted—the blessings you offer me, are superior to all other considerations.—I will try if it be possible to make you think me worthy of you.—Deceive not my hopes, and I will fly to accomplish yours."

"No my Lord," replied she, giving him her hand, "I call heaven to witness the sincerity of my words." She had no sooner spoke this, than Don Balthazar, transported with love and joy, kissed her with the utmost ardour; and then departed, knowing there was no time to lose in a juncture so pressing. He was no sooner gone, than Elvira quite overcome with the violence she had done herself, fell into a swoon in the arms of Leonora; all the sisterhood were called to her assistance, but though they used their utmost endeavours, it was near two hours before they could bring her to herself.

A violent fever succeeded this fainting, but she would not suffer herself to be put to bed, fearing Don Balthazar would look on her indisposition as a feint to elude the promise she had made him; Don Pedro, who was sent for to see her, found her so changed, that he was alarmed, but heard what she had done with a joy, which was the greater, by its being so little expected; he gave a thousand praises to the strength of her resolution, and begged she would take care of herself, in order to perform her promise.

I shall think little of my own life, answered she, till I am assured of that of Don Sebastian. She then desired nothing might be spoken of her illness; and Don Pedro finding her thus desperate, was obliged to constrain her to take the remedies necessary for her recovery.

Lama, however, who in his heart knew the innocence of Suza, and who saw Elvira arrived at the point he wished, deferred not his solicitations for this unhappy rival. His power was too considerable with the Council, for him to find any difficulty, in saving the man, whom he alone had brought so near destruction. Every thing now changed their appearance, other colours were put upon his actions—they spoke no more of rape or assassination, and the cruel sentence of death, which was just ready to be given, was converted into an order for setting Sebastian at liberty, on condition, that he should be banished to one of his own estates in the country.

But this new decree, at the desire of Lama, was kept secret, till after his marriage with Elvira de Zuarez was consummated. To assure that beautiful lady that she had nothing to fear for the life of Sebastian, he obliged the President of the Council to shew the order to Donna Catharina de Mendocce; but exacting a promise from her to conceal the whole matter till after the nuptials of Don Balthazar de Lama. This lady having been told she owed the life of her son only to the sacrifice the young Zuarez made of her hand, found it so highly necessary to comply with their injunctions, of speaking nothing of the matter; and further more, of her own accord, desired Don Sebastian might not be permitted to go out of prison till the ceremony was performed; judging, that if so great a misfortune as the entire loss of Elvira should reach his ears, he would not be able to restrain himself from some action or other, that might involve him in fresh troubles.

This last proof, however, of Elvira's tenderness for her son, touched her in so lively a manner, that she ran immediately to her, thanking her in the most endearing terms, for the important service she had done her family. This amiable lady who had been informed by Don Balthazar of all that had passed concerning this affair, and expected not to hear it from the mouth of Donna Catharina de Mendocce, could not see her without a grief too great to be expressed: they embraced each other a thousand times, Donna Catharina called her by no other name than her dear daughter, her lovely daughter; and Elvira bursting into a torrent of ungovernable tears, said, she now had no longer the consolation of hoping ever to call her mother.

"Think not so, my dear Elvira," replied Donna Catharina, "heaven is too just to deprive me always of that blessing: your cares, your sincerity, your generosity, will find a recompence when least you hope it; and since you cannot be happy but with my son, depend upon it, you will one day be re-united."

"Alas!" resumed Elvira, "it is no longer permitted me even to wish it;—a severe duty opposes my most innocent desires—No, madam, no, madam," continued she, "all that excess of tender passion, which from my

"infancy I was taught to cherish, must now, in a moment be extinct for ever.—I live, and Suza lives; but we must meet no more, must love no more, and even to remember that love is now a crime in me, which though impossible to avoid, I must endeavour."

This reflection made the tears pour down afresh from both; but Donna Catharina, whose assurance of the life of her dear son had moderated the grief for the unhappy catastrophe of his love, consoled her the best she was able. But finding that her presence and discourse but served the more to remind her of her misfortune, rose up to take leave, and having embraced her for the last time. "Adieu my dear Elvira," said she, "you are too worthy of a better fate, for you not to hope it. I will not press you to a remembrance of us, I know your virtue forbids it: but ours will never suffer us to forget you and what you have done for us."

"I shall always think with pleasure on the marks you have given me of your friendship," replied Elvira, "whatever I do on those of Don Sebastian: but the only favour I am now permitted to implore of you, is to employ all your power, your eloquence, your tenderness, for the consolation of that once dear man, that he may be prevailed upon to preserve a life for which I have sacrificed all the peace of mine."

With these words they parted, unable to support longer so melancholy a conversation. Don Balthazar arrived some moments after, accompanied by Don Pedro, and several others of the first quality. The articles of marriage were drawn up and signed by both parties that day, and those magnificent preparations designed for the nuptials of Don Sebastian, served for those of Lama, which were celebrated the next morning with all imaginable pomp. The sorrowful Elvira quitted not her retreat, but to be conducted to the altar, and from thence to the Palace of her husband. During the whole course of this ceremony, she appeared the deplorable victim of love and duty; her profound melancholy, plainly denoted the cruel situation of her soul; but her resolution in supporting this sad reverse of fate, without shedding one tear, or speaking one word that could give umbrage to him, whose now she was, was a proof of the most elevated virtue and fortitude.

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS ETYMOLOGY.

DO you know says A. to B. why Adam's sons were called CAIN and ABEL? No, replies B.—Why then, says A. I'll tell you, and my explanation is a proof that the English was the primitive language, and the foundation of all the languages in the world. The two brothers, you know, quarrelled in the fields. CAIN was a stout fellow, and ABEL was a little man. The former had a thick bamboo in his hand, with which he beat his brother, till he killed him. Then, struck with remorse, alas! cries he, I have CANED him unmercifully, notwithstanding he deprecated my wrath while he was ABLE. Hence, the one was called CAIN and the other ABEL.

Letters addressed to YOUNG WOMEN, (married or single) by
Mrs. GRIFFITH.

LETTER XI.

ON INSTILLING EARLY IDEAS OF RELIGION IN THE
MINDS OF CHILDREN—ON READING—ON THE USE OF
MONEY TO CHILDREN.

(Concluded from Page 133.)

I AM a very strenuous enemy against *bribing* a child (which is often done) to make them perform well; on the contrary, I think it must be attended with the very worst consequences.

I am well aware it is esteemed very *illiberal* and *unsentimental*, by many people, in the present days of dissipation, to bestow a single thought on any thing so *vulgar* as *æconomy*; and I know many children who are taught to look on gold as *mere dirt*; and as such they lavish it on the most ridiculous follies; they are not told, at the moment their idle expence is incurred, that there are thousands of their fellow creatures dying at that instant with hunger, thirst, and cold! Too melancholy and too true is the reflection!—I have often heard a father, on a young boy returning from school for his holidays, even *applaud* him for *throwing away* his money, with, "So, my boy, what have you done with the last guinea?" "I sent you? all gone for tarts and pies, I suppose!" "Well I like thee the better for not regarding money!" "Never be such a sneaking rascal to save money;—'tis dirt, child!—mere dirt!—Not a soure in thy pocket, I suppose!"—ha, ha, ha!—Well, I like thee the better for thy generous spirit.—I was just such another at thy age.—And now tell me how many orchards have you *robbed*." And then follows a long string of tricks, evasions, &c. in cheating his master in his own youthful days, and *pilfering* from his school-fellows, because he was not a *milk-sop*, but a boy of spirit. How is it possible a poor child should know what is or is not *barely right* or *wrong*, when his own parent encourages him in extravagance? and so far from giving him a *clear, plain, distinct*, notion of vice and virtue (things of much more importance than all the Greek and Latin in the world) calls *theft*, *spirit*, and *debauchery*, *generosity*. Nor do the generality of mothers take more pains to shew their girls what really is, or is not *Virtue*. When little Miss returns from her school for the holidays, her foolish mother is delighted to hear the *wife* use the girl has made of her last five guineas: "Indeed *mama*, I have been a very good manager, for I saw the sweetest cap in the world at the French milliner's, which I could not resist buying; it was only a guinea: and indeed my chief reason in making the purchase was, because I was resolved to *spite* Miss Richley; who without having half my fortune (for she is only a *merchant's* daughter) wears much finer things than I do, whose father is a baronet.—I owed her a *grudge*, and I was determined to triumph over her."—"O charming! (interrupts the mother,) what a noble spirit!"—"And how have you disposed of the rest of your finances?"—"Why, I have been a little unfortunate at quadrille" (for, unknown to our governess, we have two or three

"parties in private)—I have had horrid luck."—"My poor dear! (says the mother) I know *how* to pity you."—"You see this enchanting nosegay (says the girl) of Italian flowers; only one poor half guinea was the trifling purchase!—What a beautiful rose is this!—"People talk of *nature*, indeed!—I am sure *nature* never made pinks and carnations half so pretty as these!—"One of our teachers, an old canting woman, wanted me to subscribe to a collection for some poor family in *distress*, as she called it; but I thank her, I know better than to *squander* my money away in what is, very likely, only encouraging some *impostor* or idle *cheat*; besides, every parish, as I have heard my papa say, is obliged to take care of *its poor*."—"I am delighted my dear girl (says the mother) to hear you!—what judgment! What may I not expect from a child who at this early age discovers such prudence!—so much real good understanding!—But you shall not go unwarded for *this*; you shall go this day with me to the mercer's, and I'll ransack every shop in town but you shall have a *finer coat* than Miss Richley!"—This is a girl encouraged in every thing that is *base*, and trained up to *envy*, *pride*, and every vice which can constitute the worst heart in the world.

This *wicked* age is continually exclaimed against; but really, if one considers that our children in *general* have no more *distinct*, *clear* notions of the *beauty* of virtue, the *deformity* of vice, or a future state, than a wild Hottentot in his cave, one might rather wonder that, if possible, they should not be worse than they are.

As to the particular article of *æconomy*, I would by no means have children make it the most important business of their lives, so as to look "on gold as their *hope*,"—and on "*fine gold* as their *confidence*" (in the words of sacred writ); but I would have our youth trained to know that the *want* of this branch of prudence called *æconomy*, must *inevitably* produce *poverty*, with every melancholy evil attending it.

Inexpressible will be your delights in instilling sentiments, by leading as it were, without being *perceived* so to do, to the practice of virtue by the most *gentle methods*, rather than by *down right precept*. This we may depend on, that before the principles we mean to teach can be of habitual service, the *heart must feel*, as well as the *judgment be convinced*: and we may be very certain, that the minds of children will always be more strongly impressed with ideas which they are *led to form of themselves*, than with those which they receive at least *passively*, if not *reluctantly* from another. When *instructions* from a parent to a child are delivered rather as *advice* than a *lecture*, they will not only make an impression on the young susceptible heart, but will be listened to with the warmth of friendship. I have often thought it is astonishing, how little *parents* (fathers especially) are acquainted with the *hearts* of their children; in general, they know as little of their *disposition* as of their *genius*. If too great *sensibility* be not very carefully watched in the growing mind, it will tend to *weakness*; to prevent which, a proper *firmness* must be inculcated, without blunting the fine feelings of such sensibility. The warmth of temerity must too be corrected, without extinguishing those generous princi-

ples from which it arises; the difficulty is to prevent those dispositions in the *extreme*, which are laudable in their degree.

Your children, my amiable friends, will have advantages which are not common; they will see in their excellent mothers the virtues they inculcate, adorned with their native beauty and reward; they will see *piety* recompensed by *peace of mind*; *charity* and *benevolence*, by *self-satisfaction*; and integrity of heart, by that secret store of cheerfulness, the blessing of a good conscience.

When the little girls can write well enough to be— But I find myself unable at present to proceed on this most important (and to me most pleasing) subject. Faintness obliges me to lay down my pen.—Adieu!

I am (and yet how needless is the assurance!)

Your's most affectionately,

THE APPARITIONIST.

AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT,

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF COUNT O*****

Translated from the German of Schiller.

(Continued from Page 134.)

“WHAT? Did not the Juggler assure us, that from the little which he had learnt from me, he had composed a similar story? Does not this prove that the invention was obvious and natural? Besides, the answers of the ghost like those of an oracle, were so obscure, that he was in no danger of being detected in a falsehood. If the man who personated the ghost possessed sagacity and presence of mind, and knew ever so little of the affair on which he was consulted, to what length might not he have carried the deception?”

“Pray consider, my Prince, how much preparation such a complicated artifice would have required from the Arminian, what a time it requires to paint a face with sufficient exactness; what a time would have been requisite to instruct the pretended ghost, so as to guard him against gross errors; what a degree of minute attention to regulate every attendant or adventitious circumstance which might be useful or detrimental! And remember, that the Russian officer was absent but half an hour. Was that short space sufficient to make even such arrangements as were indispensable? Surely not, my Prince. Even a dramatic writer, who has the least desire to preserve the three terrible unities of Aristotle, durst not venture to load the interval between one act and another, with such a variety of action, or to suppose in his audience such a facility of belief.”

“What? You think it absolutely impossible that every necessary preparation should have been made in the space of half an hour?”

“Indeed, I look upon it as almost impossible.”

“I do not understand this expression. Does it militate against the laws of time and space, or of matter and motion, that a man so ingenious and so expert as this Arminian must necessarily be, assisted by agents whose dexterity and acuteness are probably not inferior to his

own; provided with such means and instruments as a man of this profession is never without; is it impossible that such a man, favoured by such circumstances, should effect so much in so short a time? Is it absurd to suppose, that by a very small number of words or signs, he can convey to his assistants very extensive commissions and direct very complex operations?—Nothing ought to be admitted against the established laws of nature, unless it is something with which these laws are absolutely incompatible. Would you rather give credit to a miracle, than admit an improbability? Would you solve a difficulty rather by overturning the powers of nature than by believing an artful and uncommon combination of them?”

“Though the fact will not justify a conclusion such as you have condemned, you must however grant that it is far beyond our conception.”

“I am almost tempted to dispute even this,” said the Prince, with a sarcastic smile. “What would you say, my dear Count, if it should be proved, for instance, that the operations of the Arminian were prepared and carried on, not only during the half hour he was absent from us; not only in haste and incidentally, but during the whole evening and the whole night? You recollect that the Sicilian employed nearly three hours in preparation.”

“The Sicilian? Yes, my Prince.”

“And how will you convince me that this Juggler had not as much concern in the second apparition as in the first?”

“How, my Prince.”

“That he was not the principal assistant of the Arminian? In a word, how will you convince me that they did not co-operate?”

“It would be a difficult task to prove that they did;” exclaimed I, with no little surprise.

“Not so difficult, my dear Count, as you imagine. What! Could it have happened by mere chance that these two women should form a design so extraordinary and so complicate upon the same person, at the same time, and in the same place? Could mere chance have produced such an exact harmony between their operations, that one of them should appear as if subservient to the other? Suppose the Arminian has intended to heighten the effect of his deception, by introducing it after a less refined one; that he has created a Hector to make himself an Achilles. Suppose he has done all this to see what degree of credulity he should find in me; to examine the avenues to my confidence; to familiarise himself with his subject by an attempt that might have miscarried without any prejudice to his plan; in a word to try the instrument on which he intended to play. Suppose he has done this with a design to draw my attention on himself, in order to divert it from another object more important to his design. Lastly, suppose he wishes to have imputed to the Juggler, some indirect methods of information which himself has had occasion to practice.”

(To be continued.)

FEMALE BEAUTY AND ORNAMENTS,
IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

THE ladies in Japan gild their teeth; and those of the Indies paint them red. The blackest teeth are esteemed the most beautiful in Guzurat, and in some parts of America. In Greenland the women colour their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she was not plaistered over with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of the she goats; and, to render them thus, their youth is passed in tortures. In Ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; and, if there was any competition between two Princes, the people went by this criterion of majesty. In some countries, the mothers break the noses of their children; and, in others, press the head between two boards, that it may become square. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; The Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of these disgusting locks. The Indian beauty is thickly smeared with bear's fat; and the female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover, not silks, or wreaths of flowers, but warm guts and reeking tripe, to dress herself with enviable ornaments.

In China, small eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eye-brows, that they may be small and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eye-brows. It is too visible by day, but looks shining by night. They tinge their nails with a rose colour.

An ornament for the nose appears to us perfectly unnecessary. The Peruvians, however, think otherwise; and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thickness of which is proportioned by the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring the nose, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in several nations. Through the perforation are hung various materials; such as green crystal, gold, stones, a single and sometimes a great number of gold rings. This is rather troublesome to them in blowing their noses; and the fact is, some have informed us, that the Indian ladies never perform this operation.

The female head dress is carried, in some countries, to singular extravagance. The Chinese Fair wears on her head the figure of a certain bird. This bird is composed of copper, or of gold, according to the quality of the person; the wings, spread out, fall over the front of the head-dress, and conceal the temples. The tail long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the nose; the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring, that it may the more freely play, and tremble at the slightest motion.

The extravagance of the Myantles is far more ridiculous than the above. They carry on their heads a flight board, rather longer than a foot and about six inches broad: with this they cover their hair, and seal it with wax. They cannot lie down, nor lean, without keeping the neck very straight; and the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dress entangled in the trees. Whenever they comb their hair, they pass an hour by the fire in melting the wax; but this combing is only performed once or twice a year.

To this curious account, extracted from Duhalde, we must join that of the inhabitants of the Land of Natal. They wear caps, or bonnets, from six to ten inches high, composed of the fat of oxen. They then gradually anoint the head with a purer grease; which, mixing with the hair, fastens these *bonnets* for their lives!

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REMARKABLE RECORD,

LODGED IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

"The King to all his bailiffs and other his liege subjects, to whom these presents shall come, greeting;

"BE it known unto you, that whereas, Cecily, who was the wife of John Ridgeway, was lately indicted for the murder of the said John her husband, and brought to her trial for the same, before our beloved and faithful Henry Grove, and his brother judges, at Nottingham; but that continuing mute, and refusing to plead to the same indictment, she was sentenced to be committed to close custody, without victuals or drink, for the space of forty days; which she miraculously, and even contrary to the course of human nature, went through as we are well and fully assured of, from persons of undoubted credit. We do, therefore, for that reason, and from a principle of piety, to the glory of God, and of the blessed Virgin Mary his mother, by whom it is thought this miracle was wrought, out of our special grace and favour, pardon the said Cecily from the further execution of the said sentence upon her; and our will and pleasure is, that she be free from the said prison, and no further trouble given her, upon account of the said sentence.

"In witness whereof, &c. dated—October, in the thirty-first year of the reign of Edward III. &c. 1358.

CHARACTER of DICK WILDGOOSE.

WHENEVER Dick fell into any misery, he usually called it seeing life, if his head was broken in a quarrel or his pockets picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by laughing at his misfortune, or imitating the dialect of the thief. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the rest, gathered round him. "I leave my second son Andrew, said the expiring miser, my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, "prayed heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself." "I recommend Simon, my third Son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds." "Ah! father," cried Simon (in great affliction to be sure) "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." At last, turning to poor Dick: "as for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling, to buy a halter." "Ah! father!" replied Dick, without any emotion, "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself."

FILIAL SENSIBILITY.

A YOUNG gentleman, in the military academy, at Paris, eat nothing but soup or dry bread, and drank only water. The governor, attributing this singularity to some excess of devotion, reproved his pupil for it, who, however, continued the same regimen. The governor sent for him again, and informed him, that such singularity was unbecoming him, and that he ought to conform to the rules of the academy. He next endeavoured to learn the reason of this conduct; but as the youth could not be persuaded to impart the secret, he at last threatened to send him back to his family. This menace terrified him into an immediate explanation. "Sir," answered he, "in my father's house, I eat nothing but black bread, and of that very little: here I have good soup, and excellent white bread, and may fare luxuriously. But I cannot persuade myself to eat any thing else, when I consider the situation in which I have left my father and mother."—The governor could not refrain from tears, at this filial sensibility: "Your father," said he, "has been in the army; has he no pension?"—"No," replied the youth, "for twelve months past he has been soliciting one; the want of money has obliged him to give up the pursuit; and rather than contract any debts at Versailles, he has chosen a life of wretchedness in the country."—"Well," returned the governor, "if the fact is as you represent it, I promise to obtain for him a pension of 500 livres a year. And since your friends are in such poor circumstances, take these three louis d'ors for your pocket expences: and I will remit your father the first half year of his pension in advance."—"Ah, Sir," returned the youth, "as you have the goodness to remit a sum of money to my father, I entreat you to add these three louis d'ors to it. Here I have every luxury I can wish for: they would be useless to me; but they would be of great service to my father for his other children."

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR JOHN MASON,

WHO, though but threescore and three years old at his death, yet flourished in the reigns of four Princes, viz. *Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth*: and was a Privy-Counsellor to them all, and an eye-witness of the various revolutions and vicissitudes of those times. Towards his latter end, being on his death-bed, he called for his Clerk and Steward, and delivered himself in these terms:

"Lo! here have I lived to see five Princes, and have been a Privy-Counsellor to four of them. I have seen the most remarkable observables in foreign parts, and have been present at most state transactions for thirty years together; and I have learned this after so many years experience, that seriousness is the greatest wisdom, temperance the best physic, and a good conscience the best estate. And were I to live again, I would change the court for a cloister, my Privy-Counsellor's bustles for a Hermit's retirement, and the whole life I lived in the palace, for an hour's enjoyment of God in the Chapel. All things else forsake me besides my God, my duty, and my prayer."

EFFECTS OF INTENSE STUDY.

THE love of study, carried to excess, absorbs, like all other passions, a part of our natural affections.

Frederick Morel was busily employed in translating Libanius, when he was informed that his wife, who had been some time sick, was very ill, and wished to speak to him. "I have only," said he, "two periods of this chapter to translate, after which I will call and see her."

A second messenger came to tell him that she was at the point of death. "I have but two words to write," said Morel, "run back to her—I shall be there as soon as you." A moment after, he was told she was dead. "I am sorry for it," said he, "she was a worthy woman," and went on with his work.

A young man to whom Corneille had granted his daughter in marriage, by sudden misfortunes being obliged to break off the match, came one morning, and getting into the poet's closet, related to him the motives of his conduct. "Well, sir," said Corneille, "could not you, without disturbing me, have spoken of all that to my wife? Go up to her chamber; I understand nothing of those affairs."

A servant burst into the closet of the learned Budeus, and told him the house was on fire. "Well," replied he, "inform my wife of it. You know well I never meddle with household matters."

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

At New Rochelle, on Saturday se'nnight, by the Rev. Mr. Bartow, Mr JOHN DRAKE, of this city, to the amiable Miss MAGDALENE GUION of that place.

DIED,

On Wednesday last, after a short illness, Mr. JAMES THOMPSON, jun. He was a youth of an amiable character; his disposition was pacific, and the affability of his manners endeared him to his acquaintance while living, and he died deeply regretted.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 26th ult. to the 3d inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.		
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.		8.	1.	6.
	deg. 100	deg. 100	deg. 100				
Nov. 27	43	58	50	N. S. W. do.	clear.	light wind.	
28	49	60	50	sw. do. w.	clear.	do. do. do.	
29	52	70	66	w. do. do.	clear.	do. do. do.	
30	55	69	61	w. do. s.	clear.	do. do. do.	
31	52	50	55	S. w. do.	Foggy.	cloud. rain.	
Oct. 1	38	44	43	N. W. do.	clear.	cloudy.	do.
2	38	25	47	N. W. N. E.	cloudy.	clear rain	
3	41	50		N.	rain at night.	cloud.	

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO ESCULAPIUS.

CAN I journey so far in the east
This medical genius to find,
Who's to act as physician and priest,
And prescribe both for body and mind.

'Twas a cruel invention of your's,
To evade what you once undertook,
Since you cannot perform any cures,
But what are set down in your book.

Physicians, an envious band,
Shall snatch the young bay from your head,
And wide o'er Columbia's land,
The report of your shame shall be spread.

I'll tell the fair victims of love,
Who complain of the pangs they endure,
That the Doctor of Hickory Grove
May wound, but he never can cure.

There's only one mean in your power
To prevent this assemblage of ill,
Which is, that in this very hour,
You engage to comply with my will.

Bid the son of Latona prepare
A robe of cerulean dye,
Or a still brighter vestment of air,
To convey the young sage thro' the sky.

Then should he a recipe shew,
That will yield me contentment of mind,
On him the reward I'll bestow,
And I hope you won't take it unkind.

For alas! I have nothing to give
But a hand and an innocent heart,
Which he never would deign to receive,
Had I offer'd another a part.

AMANDA.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

* PALEMON AND LUCINDA.

AN emblem of the happy pair
In Eden's blissful shade,
PALEMON and LUCINDA were,
By mutual passions made.

Virtue, and love, and innocence,
These charming two possess,
While calm content, and rosy health,
Conspir'd to make them blest.

Oft, when the radiant sun retir'd,
And Nox assum'd her throne;
When the gay curtains of the west
No more with purple shone;

Lur'd by pale Cynthia's silver light,
O'er the sweet lawns they'd stray;
While with innocuous tales of love
They pass the time away.

But the fair morning of their joys
Was quickly overcast;
And all their pleasing hopes destroy'd,
By an untimely blast.

The fair LUCINDA, torn away
From her kind lover's breast,
Was by unfeeling parents join'd
Unto a wealthy *beast*.

A tiger in a human form,
Devoid of gentle *love* —
'Tis thus curst *gold* oft rudely yokes
The vulture with the *dove*.

PALEMON now, thrice hapless swain!
For ever doom'd to mourn!
Laments the loss of those blest days,
Which never can return.

While the afflicted fair, forlorn,
(Though once so blithe and gay)
In splendid wretchedness complains,
And sighs the hours away.

Learn hence, O youth! the fleeting date
Of all terrestrial joys;
And place your hearts on things above
Earth's transitory toys.

Repose your treasure in the skies,
Your riches there conceal;
Where moth and rust can ne'er corrupt,
Nor thieves break through and steal.

ETHICUS.

SCARSDEAL, August 15, 1792.

* Some of these pieces have been printed before in a country paper; but rather than break their order we again present them to our readers. Such pieces are distinguished by an asterisk, as above.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS! where dost thou dwell?
Along with the splendid and gay?
Or dost thou prefer the lone cell
Where truth and her favourites stay?

Has retirement e'er seen your fair face
In the midst of yon thick settled grove;
Where, (the wild paths of nature to trace)
With science she loveth to rove?

In Mammon's dark breast can you seat,
Where care and suspicion reside?
Or does commerce direct your coy feet
O'er the vast and the boisterous tide?

Where now sounds the voice of dire war,
And carnage presents his grim face,
Do you lead on the bloody-wheel'd car,
And delight in the scenes of the place?

Ah no! my researches are vain;
The pursuit I shall quickly give o'er;
The fair fugitive leaves only pain;
So I'll follow the phantom no more.